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THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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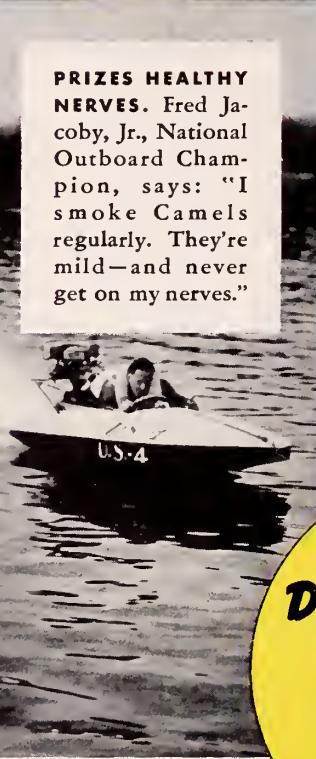
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THE LEHIGH REVIEW

Vol. X

May, 1937

No. 9

*A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
Published by students of Lehigh University*

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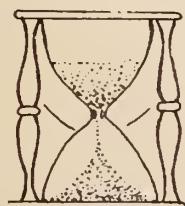
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Incidentally —

You could have bowled us over with most anything when we received a great big piece of first rate fiction from Professor Payrow — of the Sanitary Engineering department, of all prosaic places.

It tells all about some rip-roarin' adventures of Saucon University summer camp students — adventures with which President Ozro Kossuth Foster of Saucon University would not approve. But dear Professor Schwartzie sees that no harm comes to his collegiate brood, even though he has a few difficulties himself with Judy Ann.

Professor Payrow ought to know what he's talking about. More than once has he led our own engineers to a summer in the wilds of Canadensis.

Breathing at the Lambda Chi Alpha house was by special permission, only, when Bob Williamson and company prepared the miniature "Boy in Babeland" set for the cover photograph. Everyone was afraid of upsetting any of a number of carefully arranged details.

Trouble cropped up every minute with the "property." Preliminary shots showed the sofa to be more like a particular kind of roll of soft white paper with which we're all quite familiar. Some varied colored paints and a bit of impromptu surgery remedied that. But it wasn't until five o'clock in the morning before a quiz that photographer Williamson was able to submit the final positive.

He passed the quiz, too.

Lehigh has its share of unsung heroes. This month, Howard Lewis tells us all about the character chiefly responsible for the splendor of our campus, "one of the most beautiful in the country," or however the sales phrase goes. There's not a tree on our hundreds of acres whose mother and father forester Bigelow does not know. In fact, he probably introduced them to each other.

Particularly note Stan Guggenheim's photograph of Mr. Bigelow. There are those in the know who believe it to be the best portrait shot ever taken by a Lehigh student.

For The Bewildered

To the secondary school graduate, the problem of picking a college and a course of study often appears to be the most difficult in the world. Parents, friends, and teachers are eager to aid him, but frequently their advice is most contradictory.

A visit to Lehigh's beautiful campus will give the bewildered youth a chance to have a conference with the director of admissions. He will be glad to explain what Lehigh offers in its three colleges:

Arts and Science

General cultural courses; preparation for graduate work in dentistry, law, medicine or the ministry; professional preparation for teaching and journalism.

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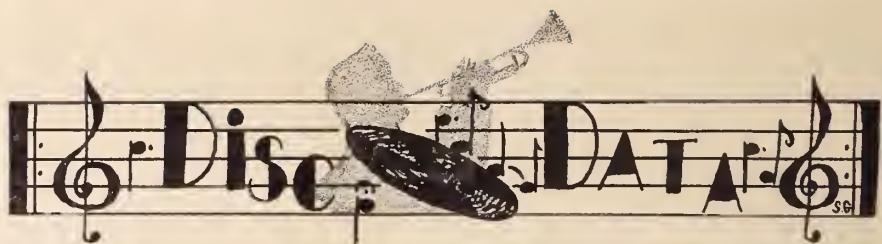
Wray H. Congdon

Director of Admissions

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

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Dr. Congdon will be pleased to take up individual problems with prospective students and their parents.



by Bill Gottlieb

SPRING may make the blood run high; but it seems to make the record output run still higher. At best I'll only be able to comment on a fraction of the better releases of the month.

Before beginning reviews, best wishes must be extended to a new Irving Mills enterprize. Master (\$.75) and Variety (\$.35) Records. Mills, who is one of the biggest publishers and agents in the music business and also co-author of such sterling numbers as *Mood Indigo*, is entering an already crowded field with records featuring hot musicians and musical personalities—the "unknowns" as well as the "big names"—that really kick out with the better jazz. Mills will have a real job on his hand educating the public to this better stuff, to the exclusion of corn, but maybe . . .

Hit of Mills' first batch is the Raymond Scott Quintette (Master) whose *Twilight In Turkey* and *Minuet In Jazz* stopped the show on the WABC "Saturday Swing" program. These numbers, now waxed, have lost none of their fire. *Twilight* is an exciting, if weird, original composition of Scott's that features the mad drumming of Johnny Williams and a fine tenor of Dave Harris. The other side is an able jazz take-off on Paderewski's famous *Minuet*. Unlike the symphonic jazz of Whiteman's school, the present craze for streamlining the classics—set off by Tommy Dorsey—remains real jazz and not a horribly mutilated song neither here nor there.

"Waikiki Wedding" has brought back a splurge of everything Hawaiian. Decca has gone to Bing Crosby himself for a flock of Robin and Rainger songs from Bing's picture. The elder Crosby remains my favorite crooner after hearing his customary treatment of *Blue Hawaii* and *Sweet Lailani* backed by Lau McIntire (a native, no doubt) and his Hawaiians and with Victor Young in *Sweet Is The Word For You*. Bing completes his output with *Too Marvelous For Words* and *What Will I Tell My Heart, Moonlight And Shadows* and *I Never Realized, The One Rose and Sentimental And Melancholy*. Jimmy Dorsey is with

him on the first two, but Bing fails to put on the heat as he did in the now classic Dorsey-Crosby *I'm An Old Cow Hand*. Too bad.

A Jam Session at Victor is the name of the gem that brings together some of the great names in popular music for some instrumental gymnastics in the shuffling, Dixieland style. There's Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Fats Waller, piano; Benny Berigan, trumpet; George Wettling, drums; Dick McDonough, guitar. Mercy! Mercy! Ain't dat sompin'? Especially *Honeysuckle Rose*. Tommy seems to take off with first honors, if any. *The Blues* is on the other side.

Another movie provides the theme for Brunswick's big effort of the month—Fred Astaire's "Shall We Dance?" Brothers George and Ira Gershwin provide the terrific numbers. With Johnny Green's orchestra, Astaire goes through them all in entertaining fashion. He tap dances, he sings, he talks. Or maybe I mistake parts of his singing for talking? Yes, as a record artist, Fred is still swell on the screen. But each try he makes on wax, he improves; so any of the following are definitely worth while: *Slap That Bass*, *They All Laughed*, *They Can't Take That Away From Me*, *I've Got Beginner's Luck*, *Let's Call The Whole Thing Off*, *Shall We Dance*.

It's almost unbelievable; but each of the six Gershwin numbers would be THE hit among any other set of songs. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for George and Ira Gershwin.

Under Victor's red seals is an album of *Beethoven's 8th Symphony* by the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky. The 8th is Beethoven's shortest work, but one of his most tuneful, and the Boston orchestra treats it masterfully. An irresistible lilt of violins and a matchless treatment of the rapid fourth movement should make the spines of all Beethoven adherents tingle.

It would be appropriate to mention here the latest edition of the famous Victor Book Of The Opera which has become somewhat of the authoritative text for the newly initiated to opera. It answers whatever questions you

might need for understanding the why's and wherefore's beginners like myself have always considered — why not put more emphasis on dialogue, on the English language, on more modern settings? It outlines the history of the opera in the leading musical nations; and, finally, it tells the story of each of the better operas so that the reader may better follow what goes on in the actual performance, usually in a foreign language. A mass of appropriate photographs and drawings illustrate the operas and leading singers in a beautiful fashion. As an informative digest of a major field of music, it certainly deserves the reputation that each successive edition makes.

AMBROSE (Decca)

Tarantula and *Champagne Cocktail*; *Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?* and *I Don't Want To Go To Bed* (Bluebird). My candidate for the best all round orchestra justifies my stand twice more with *Cocktail* and *Tarantula*, two brilliant arrangements by the band's shining light, Sid Phillips. There's a clarinet that's on a par with Goodman's, so 'elp me, and a piano and drum as good as the clarinet. The first is in the weird, imaginative manner of last season's *Night Ride*. A xylophone makes *Cocktail* actually effervesce. The last two are reprints of old, inferior Victors.

TOMMY DORSEY (Victor)

They All Laughed and *I've Got Beginner's Luck*; *I've Got Rain in My Eyes* and *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Turn Off The Moon* and *Jammin'*. Dorsey's recent spurt has put him just about on the top where he belongs. Nothing but knockouts in the six — especially *Jammin'* — with special mention to vocals by Edythe Wright, to Berigan's trumpet and to that oh! so luscious trombone of Tommy's.

JIMMY DORSEY (Decca)

Let's Call The Whole Thing Off and *They All Laughed*; *They Can't Take That Away From Me* and *Slap That Bass*; *The Love Bug Will Bite You* and *Listen To The Mocking Bird*; *Jamboree* and *Hollywood Pastime*; *The Wren* and *Blue Danube*. Jimmy's clarinet in a nip and tuck battle with brother Tommy's tram in *They All Laughed*, with a slight edge to Jimmy. Too bad they're no longer on brotherly terms. What the Dorsey Brothers would be like now! Monstrosities of horrible proportions are the last two numbers in which Jimmy assists a Josephine Tumminia, an opera singer, in a swing rendition of two operatic pieces arranged by Fud



Brother Jimmy

Livingston. This would have been the month's most interesting record, rather than the funniest, if a finer operatic vocalist were chosen. Miss Tumminia's singing blasts at you wth revolting lack of technique, swing or otherwise.

BUNNY BERIGAN (Brunswick)

Dixieland Shuffle and *Let's Do It*; *I'm Gonna Kiss Myself Goodbye* and *Big Boy Blue*; *You Can't Run Away From Love Tonight* and *Cause My Baby Says It's So* (Victor). The king of the white trumpeters continues to show melodic invention that even surpasses Armstrong's, though Bunny lacks Satchmo's powerful, hard hitting drive. Special attention to *Kiss Myself* which also boasts swell vocals by Johnny Hauser. Though long with Dorsey under Victor seals, *Love Tonight* and *My Baby* is his first Victor under his own name. Wonder if Brunswick lost one of its best stars? Bunny does some first rate shoutin', too, on *My Baby*.

DUKE ELLINGTON (Master)

New East St. Louis Toodle-O and *I've Got To Be A Rug Cutter*. *Toodle-O*, the Duke's theme song, is probably one of the best half dozen discs so far this year. The typical, slow, weird notes of Ellington demonstrate what is considered THE best in jazz by those in the know. *Rug Cutter* is a disappointing confusion of shouts that Ellington wrote for his present stay at the Cot-

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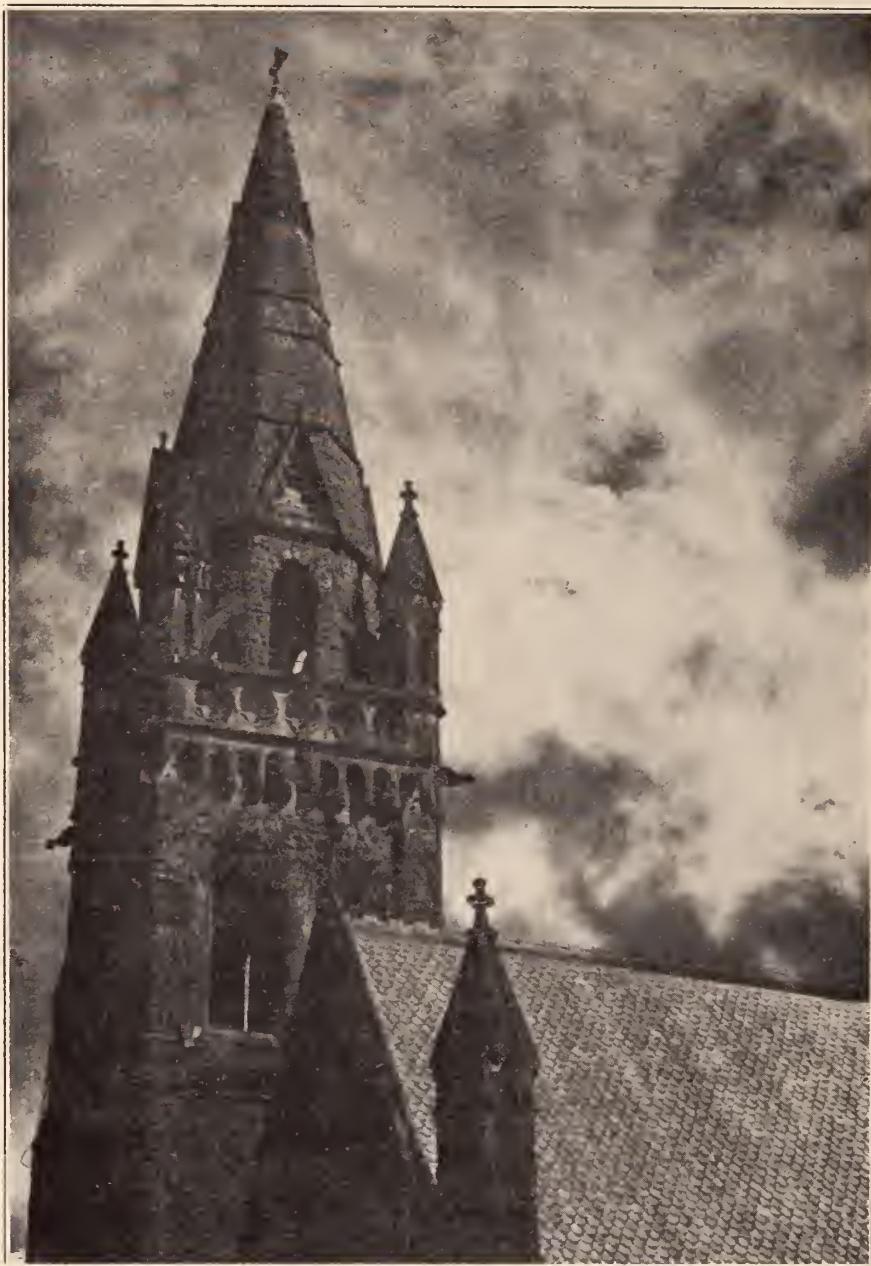
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MONTH OF MUSIC

Guggenheim

This week, May 2 to 8, is National Music Week.

This month is Lehigh's Month of Music.

On May 7 and 8, an original musical comedy will be presented by Mustard and Cheese (see page 8). In the more distant future, May 28 and 29, a trombone choir playing in this tower of Packer Chapel will open the world famous Bach Festival (see opposite page).

"From Highest Heaven"

Bach's Powerful Music Returns
To Lehigh on May 28 and 29

by Quentin Keith and Edwin Miller

ALMOST two hundred years ago there came to Pennsylvania a band of devout, earnest-eyed brethren of the ancient Protestant sect of "Unitas Fratrum", or "United Brethren"—just a small group of Moravians—yet large enough to stamp their talent on the heritage of American music annals forever. Gathering together on Christmas Eve, 1741, while the snow flurried about their faces, these sturdy colonists sang whole-heartedly of their new home which had not yet been named. Quite unexpectedly to the minds of the settlers there came the words of an old Epiphany hymn which begins:

"Not Jerusalem,
Rather Bethlehem,
Gave us that which
Maketh life rich—"

and consequently, these music lovers—the ancestors in spirit, if not in blood, of the Bach singers of to-day—named the pretty settlement Bethlehem.

To these early settlers music was a heritage and a bond; their love for it was intensified by the loneliness of the forest settlement that made the practice of this art a solace and a recreation. Their great passion for music led them to take with them their futes and French horns on the way to the harvest fields. It is no surprise, then, that the settlers often gathered together to give a rendition of some well liked Bach choral or German folksong.

The little village, with its fine schools, hotels, and music, became one

of the well-known towns of colonial times. The "Bethlehem Diary," treasured in the archives of the Moravian church, tells of many memorable visits of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and noted colonial Pennsylvanians to the music festivals of Bethlehem. Benjamin Franklin, who is recorded as being one of the earliest amateur musi-

Johann Sebastian Bach

cians of Philadelphia, told in his "Autobiography" of a visit to Bethlehem in 1756, when he "was entertained with violins, hautboys, flutes and clarinets". "Heard very fine music in the church" was the comment in a letter to his wife.

In the same "Bethlehem Diary" it is told that the remains of Uncas, "The Last of the Mohicans", were conveyed to the old graveyard amid the solemn strains of music. It also tells that the settlers' love for music once saved the town and its inhabitants. A large body of Indians were about to make an attack on the town, when they were astounded to hear chorals being played within the town walls. The Indians quickly stole away, believing that the Great Spirit surely guarded the white settlers. It is certain that in the eighteenth century, when Philadelphia surpassed New York in national importance, the highest musical activity in the country existed in Bethlehem.

Even to-day the Bach Festival is probably the best known of all musical festivals in America. Time has not changed its reputation, but has rather enhanced the beauty of the affair by mellowed tradition. It is doubtful

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Grafton
BRUCE CAREY — 300 Massed
Voices Follow These Hands.

RIDE

by Eric Weiss

HE knew that his number was up. Guys who say too much never live long, but he thought that with the Big Boy up the river the gang would be too much broken up to bother with him. Just that day, Toots had said to him as he was leaving her apartment, "Why don't ya skip town, Joe? Go to some little burg in Jersey. There'd be plenty of dough loose there for guy with brains like you."

"Yeah," he told her, "Yeah, maybe I could raise chickens or something, huh?"

"Naw, Joe," she said, looking worried, "I really mean it. I ain't kidding. The boys are after you for talking too much. You better get out."

"I dunno," he answered as he picked up his hat, "maybe I will. Howdja like a farm in Jersey?"

"Do ya mean it?" she asked, her face all lit up and smiling. "Gee, that'd be swell. Waddaya say? When're we going?"

"I'll see." He kissed her and opened the door. "See ya tonight."

"Take it easy." She watched him walk down the hall and turn to go down the stairs.

He didn't see Toots that evening. There was a thumb tack stuck in the

door jamb just above her name plate. That meant she had a customer, so Joe went out for a walk. He figured he would be safe on Broadway, so he stayed with the bright lights.

He was watching a fellow play a pin game when the two boys stepped up behind him. They crowded in on him as if they were watching the game and one of them spoke to him almost soundlessly.

"O. K., Joe, come on."

Joe could feel the gun pressing against his side but he didn't move.

"Walk to the door with us like we was friends," the bigger of the two told him.

They'd as soon kill me here as anywhere, Joe thought, and probably get away with it as easy. I'd better go with them. I might get a chance to get away later.

He pulled back slowly out of the crowd around the pin game, and walked to the door. The two men walked beside him, their hands thrust negligently into their coat pockets. Joe was careful to keep his hands in the open. The three stepped across the sidewalk and the short one pulled open the door of a car that was standing at the curb, motor running. He got in and the tall torpedo gave Joe a little shove with his shoulder so he stumbled into the back seat. The big fellow followed him.

The car eased away from the curb and settled over into the stream of traffic running down Broadway. The tall man ran his hand inside Joe's coat, took out the gun, and dropped it in his own pocket. The two



men in the back seat each had a gun held tightly against Joe's ribs and each slight swerve of the car pushed one of the little cylinders into his side.

"Where you boys from?" Joe asked.

Nobody answered for a minute. Then the short gunman spoke briefly.

"Chi."

That would be right, Joe thought. They'd get somebody from out of town for a job like this. A couple of guys from Chicago would be able to get past the cops without any trouble.

"Where we going?"

This time, after a pause, the tall one answered.

"Shut up." He spoke in a level tone without force and kept his eyes straight ahead.

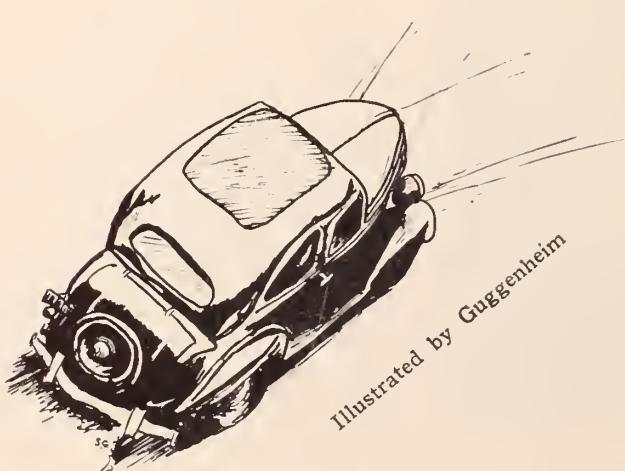
That dead-pan tone took the heart out of Joe. All his bravery left him. His tense control was lost and his taut nerves shook his body. He felt the beads of sweat form on his temples and run down his face. His palms were soaked. He looked frightenedly at the motionless figure on his right.

"Where the hell are you taking me?" His voice broke and went off on a high cutting note.

The man turned his head and looked Joe in the eye for a count of ten. Then slowly, almost leisurely, like a man who feels no anger but only does what he must, he raised his right hand and clipped Joe across the mouth with loose fingers.

The blow threw Joe back into the seat and the cut corner of his mouth ran blood down his chin and onto his shirt. The pain stopped the mental panic and his thoughts reassembled.

He looked quickly out the window



continued on page 21

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND—

That's a Lot of Trees for One Man to Care for . . .

by Howard Lewis

If you take the footpath behind the Armory and hike up the mountain some eighteen hundred yards you'll enter upon a secret few people share. Or then perhaps you've heard that up on the mountain there's a shady and sweet-smelling arboretum that stretches leisurely over seven of Lehigh's acres and that right beside it are five more acres of experimental plantation covered with maybe fifty thousand trees—the yellow pine, the jack pine, linden, pin oak, larch and a host of others. There are seventy-five thousand trees on those twelve acres and at least one of every kind that grows in Pennsylvania.

It was in 1918 that the arboretum and plantation first gained proportions. That was the year Clay Bigelow came to Lehigh as forester. He had spent most of his life working in forestry and he's going to spend the rest of it there. At the turn of the century he was working in the middle of the state, somewhere near Lewistown. In the steps of his father and older brother he spent a good twenty years in the forest lumbering for the charcoal kilns. Working practically independently, he received wages according to his cordage. A cord is a stack of wood, ranked and cut to size, eight feet long, four feet high, and four feet in the billet. Clay will tell you, and quite proudly, too, that at the end of a day's work he hauled six cords of wood out of the forest.

Now, at sixty-five, he doesn't fear his advancing years. What he has lost in stamina he has gained in skill, and life has been kind to him. After twenty prosperous years in the forest he applied for and won a position as a forest ranger for the state of Pennsylvania. He modestly attributes his success to

been accustomed. He offered the position with the additional raise in pay to several of his associates, but they all refused. He doesn't mind admitting that there was plenty of doubt in his mind when he took this position, but now he's getting used to it.

Clay has his vegetable plot, and he has his chickens, but he emphasizes that trees are his business and his hobby, and he wants nothing to do with anything else. He looks at his trees and tells you, "The first nine years were all right and I had plenty of time to take care of the arboretum but the next administration changed things and had me on the campus more than up here. I don't mind chopping down trees, but when they make you sweep out cellars and carry papers there's not much use being a forester." There is no anger in his voice, just regret.

He doesn't like to see alumni visit the arboretum and frown at the naked ground and uncut grass just because he has no time to care for it the way he wants to. Yet you can hardly blame the university for asking him to cut down trees when you see how skillfully he does it. Take the tree in Mr. Litzenberger's backyard, for instance. There, to prevent the crushing of a young hedge, he built a crib of brush just a bit higher than the hedge, chopped some here, a little more over there, and the tree fell. It upended and bounced on the crib over the hedge onto the road, nestling nicely on a little trestle that had been set there by . . . Clay Bigelow.

There's an interesting story he tells about the case of the boxwood huckleberry. It seems that there are only two places in the entire world where



Photo by Guggenheim

Head Forester Bigelow

the fact that he worked in that region so long that he couldn't help knowing it by heart. Acting as a combination fire and game warden, he patrolled his districts for five years and had no mercy with those who were careless with matches and cigarettes, but he usually missed young fishermen who tried their luck on state property.

Then in 1918, when Lehigh, after the chestnut blight of that year, decided to start an experimental plantation of local trees to study their growth, he was sent by the state to superintend the planting. In 1919 a fire swept through that area, and in 1920 a plague of locusts produced the same results. By that time the university had realized that it needed a permanent forester to take care of their woods and so tendered the position to Mr. Bigelow. Clay, however, was loath to leave the more rustic life to which he had

PARTNERS IN CRIME

**The collaborators on the Mustard
and Cheese Musical...**

BOY IN BABELAND...

Admit their parts in the conspiracy.

Illustrations by Gowdy



Boy Meets Two Girls

Story ...

as told by

Judson Schaeffer, '36

In another week I shall be a first-rate candidate for a rest cure. In another week the attendants will be talking to me soothingly . . . the idiosyncrasies of a Homer Bortz, the pseudo-scientific scrimmage of a Prof. Xerxes Doolittle and his cronies, and the sophisticated schemings of a Cynthia have carried me to the brink of insanity. Another suggestion for a script revision will turn me into a ravaging image of my former self.

Take Scene 5—if you can stand the sight of its mutilated carcass. In the beginning I wrote it on yellow paper using a Royal (no advt.) standard typewriter. I handle it tenderly now and notice that there are seven distinct varieties of paper. And it wouldn't take an expert to pick out the work of five different typewriters. There are also scrawled inserts in four distinct styles of handwriting. Half of Page 3 is still on yellow paper—typed on a Royal standard. . . . And Scene 5 is only one of thirteen.

The operations *Boy in Babeland* has undergone are, however, mere indications of what might have happened. I

shudder when I remember how I almost lost the sweetest lines in Scene 2—and all because the stage staff didn't want to build an upper berth! I sacrificed a church yard, two room doors and a piano to keep that upper berth. This belligerant attitude on the part of stage carpenters has kept me in a state of constant fright and has made me dread to go near Drown hall. I expect that at any moment Professor Doolittle will be dispossessed and I'll have to rewrite four scenes into the Pullman car instead of in his living room.

Composer Dave and Arranger Jim are equally unwilling to cooperate. In the beginning they left me with a list of titles and a fleeting memory of a half dozen scrambled tunes. All I had to do was spot the numbers. The first week I had Homer serenading his lady



One Girl Tries to Get Boy

love with a thing that I believe is now the Jungle number—or maybe they crossed me and took it out altogether. And every time I did get a number spotted to my satisfaction Dave would decide it wasn't good enough for the show. The crowning achievement, I think, was Jim's contribution of two numbers which he called X-59 and X-151.

Then there was the slight problem of a cast. The show went into rehearsal with the plot sketched only briefly. The idea was that I could suit the characters better if I would know who was to play the parts. Pat Pazzetti was immediately selected as Professor Doolittle, and then everything went haywire. For over a month I was constantly revising lines to snit a suc-

continued on page 23

Music...

**Pep White Secures
a Confession from**

David Hughes

"**M**AKE mine a lemon coke," I said. The girl behind the counter eyed me distrustfully. Her eyes took on a gun-steel glint. Her hard, thin lips half-opened as if to speak, then with a shrug she turned towards the soda flipper at her right. "Lem coke," she gritted, and was gone.

A simple gesture. It might have happened a thousand times before, and yet it was packed with meaning. What disappointment in those indigo eyes! What frustration in that set mouth! In those few moments, what a dashing of high hopes to the ground!

I could have sworn she expected me to order at least five banana splits. And it was only a lemon coke.



Boy Tries to Get Other Girl

"Disillusioned," I said to myself. "Disillusioned Daphne. Disillusioned Dorothy. No,—Doris. Disillusioned Doris!"

So I went home and picked out those two words, Disillusioned Doris, on the piano, and fitted in a lot of other words, and by the time I was ready to start my Electro. Chem. homework for tomorrow, *Boy in Babeland* had another song.

And that, my friend, is what they call inspiration. But it is the truth.

They call me disillusioned Doris
I know that storks are the bunk
A wedding ring's junk
There isn't no Santa Claus
If you ask me why I love you
I can only answer, just because.

I can see
It's something I hadn't planned
It must be
Just one of those things that even
the scientists can't understand.

For I'm disillusioned Doris
I'm sure that Barnum was right
And Saturday night
Is worse than the third degree
If you ask me why I love you,
I will tell you flatly. Don't ask me.

Disillusioned Doris was only one of some two dozen numbers written since last fall for the Mustard and Cheese show, but its conception was typical. A simple incident—such as a nickel drink in a drug store—can start the ball rolling; often the "inspiration" comes simply from the specifications submitted by the director of the show. A description like this, for example: "rhythm number, pretty warm—have it dealing with an ape or something" resulted in *Primitive Man*. When Director Rights decided just a month ago that he wanted a "swing number, and try to get in the idea of hesitance," I turned out *I'm Afraid to Fall in Love*.

The task all along has been to fit the music to the show, not the show to the music. As a musician, I have tried to be a good engineer. I have been given the conditions that my song must fulfill, then I have simply plunked myself down at the piano with pencil

continued on next page



Everybody Is Happy

continued from preceding page
and paper and designed the song.

Well, mostly. Over the Christmas holidays I set myself a schedule of five songs to produce, and completed them on order—*The Real McCoy*, *Primitive Man*, *Tomorrow's Another Day*, *At last*. But *Ashes on the Floor* has something of a story.

It was at the home of a friend, and it was late evening, and there were two cigarettes in the dark (if I may coin a phrase) and when I had duly pondered the fact that love is like a cigarette (if you will allow me), my companion pointed out possibilities for a song.

"Everybody else writes them about cigarettes," she said, somewhat artlessly. "Why don't you?"

"I don't like cigarettes," I said. "All messy. Ashes and things."

"That's it, Dave! Write about ashes! Call it *Ashes in my Ashtray*."

The principle, anyhow, was good. It resulted in *Ashes on the Floor*.

I rather like the way it is treated in the show. Isabelle Matthews, the leading girl, has it for a solo. It is the sort of song she does especially well. In the script, however, it fails to make much impression on the man to whom it is sung—Nelson Leonard. As a matter of real life Nelson has never smoked a cigarette. Maybe that has something to do with it.

The actual mechanics of writing a tune is not very involved. Personally, I decide on my "key" line of words first. Then I figure whether it would make a better first line or a better last line. After that, it's easy. The natural rhythm of the words gives the tempo of the song. Music comes first;

the lyrics are fitted to the notes. First impressions generally are best, and I rarely change a line in a lyric having once set it down.

Boy in Babeland music would be nowhere without Jim Reed, who besides contributing a number of his own—*Favor Me More*—has done the complete job of orchestration. At Princeton he helped score *Stags at Bay*, and at Lehigh last year he assisted Ralph Skedgell make *Prom Trotters* a hit. *Babeland* is his biggest assignment with twenty pieces, including the overture, and the waltz and tango specialties.

Unusual to find a student of engineering interested in writing music? I shouldn't think so. I find it an ideal recreation after a day of slide rule, chemical retort, and textbook. Do you remember Dick Foote, the freshman engineer whose S. O. S. won the Lopez-Review contest? As a matter of fact, I prefer Stokowski to Benny Goodman, Wagner to Berlin, writing opera to writing musical comedy. But beginners can't be choosers. *Boy in*

Babeland is already in production, whereas the opera may never be heard beyond my own piano.



Here are some shots, unearthed and rephotographed by Judson Schaeffer, showing Mustard and Cheese casts in the days when the boys were also the girls.

The smoothies using the overlapping grip, just above, are C. L. Smith, '27; the girl, A. W. Gee, '28. The show, MERCY SAKES.

Lower left is from THE BADMAN of 1929. Standing are D. H. Gearyman, J. H. Manley, B. J. Friedman. The babe is H. S. Sahm. As for the hero — ?

Below is a bevy of beauties from SHANNONS OF BROADWAY: Ed Edleman, Jack Aufhammer, Dave Goldenberg, Jack Lee, Bill Port, Vergis Warren.

Pretty?





Illustrations by
Fairbanks

DUTCHY HAS IDEAS

**So Saucon College Goes to Summer Camp —
And to Judy Ann**

by

**Harry Gordon Payrow, Assistant Professor
of Engineering**

JUST after the Easter recess the president of Saucon University, Dr. Ozro Kossuth Foster, LL.D. (O. K. to the student body) evidently had a perplexing problem at hand. He had called into his office, for consultation, Professor Alonzo Schwartzie, Ph. D., a profound and learned man, a teacher of mathematics and astronomy, who was familiarly known on the campus as Dutchy. O. K.'s problem concerned that of the summer session at good old Saucon. Competition was keen and had not Kamel College taken to wheels for the past two summers, perhaps Saucon should send their school afloat, visiting important ports at home and abroad. Something had to be done immediately, the commencement season would soon arrive and Saucon's summer school began soon after.

"Professor Schwartzie", began O. K., "because of an inherent desire to maintain Saucon's reputation in the scholastic field as well as for innovations

in our curricula, I ask you frankly for a suggestion regarding where we shall conduct our summer session? Shall we adopt VS's or charter the Queen Mary?

Now Dutchy had two good ideas, one for old Saucon and one for himself. It seems that at the time of the sun's last eclipse he had hied to a peaceful village in the Tri-Mountains, where from the top of Kitatanning Peak he was able to secure an unobstructed observation of the corona. At the hotel, Dutchy also made an observation to the effect that the proprietress seemed unusually well cultured, rather dressy and that she soon acquired an interest in astronomy.

"My dear Dr. Foster, may I postulate that in

either of your proposals there would, in all probability, be a lack of concentration on those essential subjects so valuable to the future citizen, as for example mathematics and astronomy. These subjects would be relegated to the rumble seat or thrown overboard without a life preserver, figuratively speaking."

"But something must be done, Dr. Schwartzie, in view of our neighboring institutions of higher learning inaugurating summer schools attractive to the youth of the nation."

Dutchy, with puckered brow, for what effect it might have on the learned prexy of dear old Saucon and without undue haste, unfolded a plan all his own.

"You will recall, Dr. Foster, that nestling high in the Tri-Mountains is the quaint, peaceful village of Mountainville and that superb hostelry Pleasant View. Due to the unusual financial circumstances the past few years, you will recall that we had a fifty per cent salary cut, the hotels have had some lean years, ahem, that is to say business has been below normal. Now I propose that we conduct our summer school at Hotel Pleasant View, a refined hostelry, with an uplifting atmosphere and cultured guests. It will be something new, invigorating, healthful, a place where concentration will be naturally effective and concurrently remunerative to the hotel management."

"That is a capital idea," declared O. K., "and worthy of an honored member of the faculty of Saucon University. I shall negotiate immediately with the management. By the way, Schwartzie, perhaps I could arrange for a slight increase in your present salary."

On the morning of June 15th the village of Mountainville was resplendent in its gorgeous coloring of sky and land. The villagers began to stir early for the word had been passed that Saucon University students would arrive this very morning for their summer school. The general store and post office in the village had taken on a holiday appearance with its pennants and flags with Saucon U. in every conceivable design. Its proprietor had also stocked up on picture post cards, straw sombreros, blue and red bandana handkerchiefs and corn cob pipes.



Judy Ann



"He sighed and began to play solitaire"

ONE evening last summer, I was sitting out in front of the service station in my home town with Power House, Big Mono, and Zeke the butcher. After all the excitement of the preceding days, such a quiet evening was depressing. Wednesday, the postmaster had been murdered; Thursday, three escaped convicts had been found hiding in the fire house; Friday, a tree had fallen on an ice truck; Saturday, the constable's motorcycle had rolled into a well; Sunday, all the people in the west end of town had fought all the people in the east end. Here it was Monday and not a thing had happened all day. It began to look as though nothing could possibly happen all night.

"Boys, have you ever visited the haunted house?" inquired Power House.

hours and half-hours. When the clock struck midnight, Zeke started suddenly and exclaimed, "How come there's a clock running in here?"

Just then we heard a chain rattling on the front porch. "Run for your lives, boys," shrieked Big Mono, "It's a mad dog."

"Dont be a fool, Mono," I said. "It's a ghost!"

"Oh," said Mono, breathing easily again and settling back into his chair.

The door slowly opened and a rather amorphous individual walked in. He was slender and pale. Nervously adjusting his tie, he said timidly, "Good evening, gentlemen, I'm Herman."

We introduced ourselves. "If you've come to see the haunting," he said, "I'm afraid you've picked the wrong night. The ghosts are all up in the old haunted gas station near Flemington. The ghost who made such a name for himself haunting Hamlet is visiting the States for a couple of weeks and we're throwing a little party for him. I should be there right now, but the bns we chartered left early and I missed it." He sighed and began to play solitaire. All at once he brightened and said hopefully, "If you'd care to drive me up there, I think you'd find the little gathering well worth your while."

We agreed, and set out immediately. Herman leaned back in the rear seat and said, "I'm glad you have a closed car. We ghosts simply can't ride in rumble-seats. The wind blows us out."

"We mortals have the same trouble," I informed him.

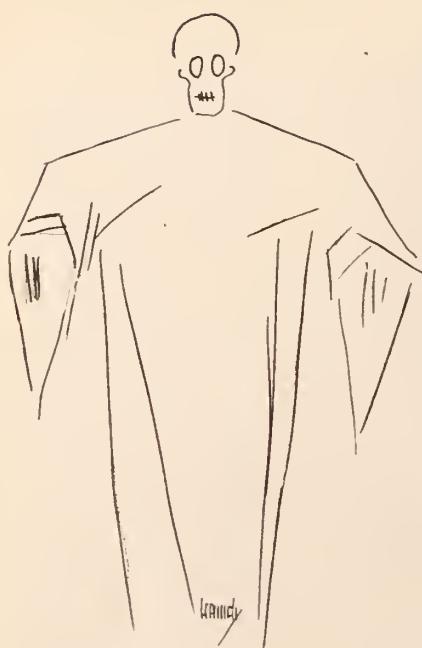
In Raritan, we passed a red light and a motorcycle policeman stopped us. "Can you see?" he snarled.

Herman wound down the rear window and leaned out. "It strikes me, Officer," he remarked, "that it's quite foolish to expect the motorist to see such a dinky little light way over on the side of the street."

The policeman looked through Herman's elbows at the bottom and jumped a little. "Er—maybe I'm wrong," he said, "Forget all about it. Go ahead."

As we approached the old gas sta-

continued on page 20



"Good evening gentlemen, I'm Herman"

"Let's go to the movies," suggested Big Mono, "they have *The Covered Wagon* all this week. I can get free passes because I know one of the drivers."

"They say the haunted house is pretty good," persisted Power House.

"Let's play pinochle," said the butcher.

"Let's go to the haunted house," said Power House.

"None of us believes in ghosts," I remarked, "so why visit the haunted house?"

"We don't want to be around here, tonight," said Power House, "because Pop heard they're broadcasting a special Farm and Home Hour to the Philippines and he's going to get it on his short wave set in a few minutes."

That seemed to settle the matter, so we all drove to the haunted house. We entered the big front room, and removing the cobwebs from the chairs and throwing them into a corner, sat in silence for about three hours. The only noise was the clock striking the

A student of Washington, D. C.'s American University, Franklin Bartle wrote this article especially for the REVIEW. After examining some past issues, he expressed a desire to do something for this magazine. The offer was accepted and here is his contribution.

Play Up! Play Up!

A Lehigh Tradition Is Bosey Reiter. This Year He Will Be Retired

by Melvin Lord

WOOF! Woof! Woof!" from a thousand student throats as the grey-haired man steps out to the center of the gymnasium floor. The voices are anything but derisive. They know this man, know what he has done, what he represents, and love him. Half of the students have only a vague idea of the origin of that welcoming "Woof! Woof!" but they shout it now because they want the man to know they know him, want him to understand how they feel for him.

The man whom every one knows as "Bosey" stands in the center of the floor for a moment, looking around him. The boys suddenly become quiet, waiting expectantly for him to begin. They watch those eyes, sparkling with the light of youth and honest love of living. Then the man begins to talk, his voice ringing out across the wide gym. His words, vibrant with the conviction of experience and faith in youth and manhood, holds every man motionless in the gym. He talks on and on, his voice, his eyes, his whole being in full accord with every word that comes from him. He is not reciting a speech. He is giving to new Lehigh men just entering, as well as to seniors with a short few months to graduation, his philosophy of living, imbuing them with the spirit to fight, to give and take, to go on and on, be a real son of Lehigh. As he talks, many a pair of shoulders are squared and many a jaw tightened with determination. Eyes lighten with the courage he instills. Then he pauses for a moment before going. He says, "I am reminded of a poem . . ." and then comes one of the poems for which Bosey is famous, fighting poems,

"There's a silent hush in the close
tonight,

Ten to make, and the match to win
A bumping pitch, and blinding
light,

An hour to play, and the last man
in,

And it's not for the sake of a rib-
boned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's
fame

But his captain's hands on his
shoulders smote
'Play up! Play up! And play the
game!"

There is a roar of applause as the square-shouldered, stocky man walks back across the floor to his seat. Then a cheer-leader leaps to the center of the floor and shouts "Number Seven, Bosey! Number Seven, Bosey!" And another Lehigh smoker is nearly over. But a day later or twenty years later ask any man who was there what he best remembers of that smoker—and he will say "Bosey! What a fight talk he gave! Remember that poem?"

Thus, for more than a quarter of a century "Bosey" Reiter has been instilling in Lehigh men the very essence of sportsmanship and manhood. Very few have come here and have gone without carrying away that something that few are able to give to others, but which "Bosey" seldom fails to give to everyone. Meet a Lehigh engineer out in California, too far to come back for reunions, and he will say "I hear you have a new president. But say, how is Bosey?"

Nor is it for his smoker-talks alone that we know him. Ask any freshman how it feels to go down to the gym for the first time, not knowing a soul, to wander around pretty much at a loss what to do and how to go about it, then suddenly have "Bosey" appear and clap a hand on his shoulder and say "Hello, son! How's everything today? Going to take a little workout? Fine! Come in to my office some time and let's get acquainted!" And immediately the newcomer feels at home. He has a friend there in the gym. The gym is his now . . . nothing to fear . . . a friend . . . at home.

Then go farther, go to the history of athletics here at Lehigh. From 1910 on "Bosey" Reiter's name is coupled with everything that has happened since then. It was he who brought Lehigh's only All-American, Pat Pazzetti. It was he who brought Billy Sheridan, who has made the name Lehigh one of the most known in inter-collegiate wrestling. It was of him

that Charles L. Taylor said when he gave Taylor Field and Taylor Gymnasium to Lehigh, "I am giving this as much to 'Bosey' Reiter as I am to Lehigh," knowing full well that in giving it all to either one he was giving it all to the other.



McCaa
Woof! Woof!

So—one might go on recounting endlessly "Bosey's" achievements here. He is, and has been, Lehigh. The fact that he was at Princeton when he was making history as an athlete himself does not alter the present fact of his being Lehigh. He is almost a tradition himself here—yet is far from being beyond his usefulness. Inspiring real sportsmanship and manhood in every student with whom he comes in contact, beloved by alumni and student body alike, he is as important to the final success of a Lehigh man as any other part of education.

This year's retirement may take Bosey from us, but never the memory of him and what he gave us.



A DAY IN THE LIFE

Left: Vitally interested in his studies, Myron takes a front row seat in class and pays close attention to the lecture. The lads in the second row will undoubtedly stop him on the way out and ask if they may borrow his notes.

Center: Myron may not earn a varsity letter at football next fall, but there are other sports for boys. Ping-pong is one of them, and good form is essential.

Right: Dancing at a popular Freemansburg night spot with his One And Only, Myron will have to make this his last dance if he is ever going to get the rest of his studying done tonight.

Photographs — Williamson

Model — Sterngold





The April issue of College Humor gave a College Humor impression of A Day in the Life of a Co-ed. It resulted in a chorus job for the subject, Miss Eloise Martin of Drake University; a black eye for the college editor; and a fortune to the photographer.

Using the same captions (with a few minor changes) and equally authentic, typical shots, the LEHIGH REVIEW presents "A Day in the Life of a College Boy."

Left: An early riser, Myron, fetchingly poised on the edge of his bed in the Pi Lam fraternity house, smiles happily and stretches his arms after a good sleep, before getting down to the business of another day.

Center: The invigorating chill of a cold shower puts him in rare mental and physical condition and enables him to be constantly on the alert, despite the demands of the exacting daily program he has arranged for himself.

Right: Here we see what goes on in the life of a young man with a reputation to maintain as best-dressed man on the campus, and exactly thirty seconds, in which to dress, breakfast and make an eight o'clock class.

OF A COLLEGE BOY



From Highest Heaven

continued from page 5

whether there is a more beautiful place for the devotees of Bach than on the Lehigh campus. The scene is an ideal one. As 4 o'clock draws near on Friday of the last week in May—this year the twenty-eighth and ninth—the long needles of sunlight pierce the trees as the pilgrims gather in reverent and expectant groups about the chapel.

Presently from high up in the ivy-draped tower of Packer Chapel is heard the lovely trombone choir, which always opens the festival with a Bach choral——this time "From Highest Heaven To Earth I Come," which is in perfect harmony with the lofty beauty of the scene. The sound of the choral fades away, and the listeners move slowly towards the chapel. Inside the rustle of adjustment lingers a little while longer, then slowly subsides. A figure slips quietly into the conductor's looth. There is a breathless silence. The mighty "B Minor Mass" slowly begins its powerful surge.

The "B Minor Mass," according to

the oratorio in America. A few years later the same group of singers presented the "St. Matthew Passion." Inspired by the success of the two previous presentations, Dr. Wolle proposed the "B Minor Mass," the selection now heard every year on the second day of the festival; but the singers refused to struggle with the difficult score. Dr. Wolle also refused to do anything else, and the Choral Union was disbanded in 1892.

For six years Bach was not heard in Bethlehem except for partial renditions of some of the oratorios by Dr. Wolle's Moravian choir. Just as it seemed as though there would be no more complete performances of Bach in this city, a Mrs. Ruth Porter Doster started a movement that culminated in the organization of a group of eighty singers who were willing and eager to sing Bach's music. Dr. Wolle gladly consented to direct the chorus. For fourteen months the singers and the director worked indefatigably to surmount the difficulties of the *B Minor Mass*. At last, on March 27, 1900, in the Moravian Church, the choir presented the first complete rendition of that work in America and also commemorated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Bach's birth. With that, too, the Bach Choir was established at a musical organization of distinction. After the success of the first performance of the mass, Dr. Wolle went ahead and conducted a three-day session of music the following year. The Bach Festivals were then an annual occurrence until 1905 when the choir was forced to disband because of Dr. Wolle's acceptance of a position on the faculty of the University of California.

Until 1911, when the esteemed director of the choir returned from California, there were no presentations of Bach in Bethlehem. With the assistance of Dr. Henry S. Drinker, then president of Lehigh University, and Charles M. Schwab, now the chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Bach Choir was reorganized, and the Bach Festi-

vals were resumed in 1912. Their site was shifted to the Packer Chapel, one of the most dignified churches in the Lehigh Valley.

One of the most remarkable things about the Bach Choir is its cosmopolitan nature. People of every faith and vocation belong to the choir. It is not unusual to have an important employer standing beside his employees, for there is no class distinction. Although the members were originally drawn chiefly from the Moravian Church, this is not now the case, since the choir is strictly non-sectarian in character.

Besides Dr. Shields, who is the organist, Lehigh will have both faculty members and undergraduates in the choir this year. Major Collins and



Grafton

Shields — Organist

Professors Klein and Stewart will be among the two hundred and fifty six members of the Choir. Harold Towne is the only upperclassman singing, but William Todd and Quentin Keith, both Freshmen, are also members.

There are few voices of outstanding merit among the singers and there are certainly few future Kirsten Flagstads or Lawrence Tibblets among them. But that is not necessary, for the choir does not require the highly trained and cultivated voices of finished soloists, but only voices that will blend with other voices. The choir is a brilliant achievement in the perfect blending of many different voices into a harmonious whole. Despite their lack of technical training, the singers have the ability to sing with precision and accuracy and to give the director every nuance of tone which he desires for his interpretation. The audience and the musical critics marvel and praise the amazing responsiveness of the choir to everything the director seeks. This is the result of a great



Rehearsal — Packer Chapel

music critics, has in it all the emotions of the human race. It opens with a powerful surge in the "Kyrie Eleison," then proceeds to exemplify the Christian faith of man in the "Laudamus te," the quiet mysticism of Christ's incarnation in the "Et incarnatus est," man's unshakable faith in "Credo in unum Deum," the great terror and doom in the "Crucifixus," the sudden outburst of joy in the "Et resurrexit," and the profound humbleness in "Dona nobis pacem."

The "B Minor Mass" has not always been a feature of the festival. In 1888 the singers presented the "St. John Passion." It was the first rendition of

the oratorio in America. A few years later the same group of singers presented the "St. Matthew Passion." Inspired by the success of the two previous presentations, Dr. Wolle proposed the "B Minor Mass," the selection now heard every year on the second day of the festival; but the singers refused to struggle with the difficult score. Dr. Wolle also refused to do anything else, and the Choral Union was disbanded in 1892.

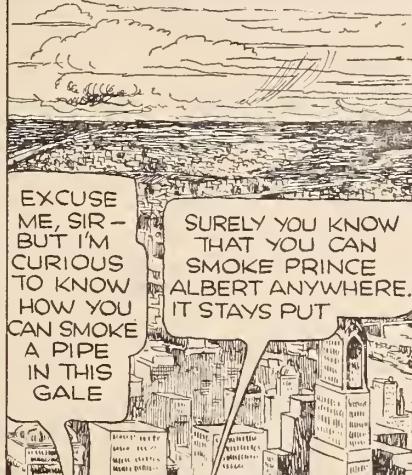
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tradition and long months of arduous training in preparation for its only public appearance of the year.

Mr. Bruce Carey, who was formerly head of the music school at the Girard College in Philadelphia, now leads the Bethlehem Bach Choir in its yearly concerts. Coming to Bethlehem three years ago, Mr. Carey took over the reins from the late Dr. Wolle, who is credited with the status that the choir holds to-day. During the leadership of Dr. Wolle, the choir had many famous musicians as soloists. Such world-renowned artists as Mme. Schumann-Heink, Fritz Kreisler, Leopold Stowkowski, Joseph Hoffman, Ernest Schelling, Mme. Samaroff, Zimbalist, and Alessandre Bonci graced the venerable walls of Packer Chapel. The Philadelphia orchestra, in whole or in part, has accompanied the choir since 1917.

Mr. Carey has continued to obtain the best soloists available for these festivals. The singers are for the most part Metropolitan stars. At this year's festival the following soloists will be heard:

Soprano	Louise Lereh
Alto	Grace LaMar
	Lillian Knowles
Tenor	Arthur Kraft
Bass	Julius Huhm

Together with the 300 voices of the choir, there will be Dr. T. Edgar Shields at the organ, Miss Ruth Myers of Bethlehem at the piano, and a section of the Philadelphia orchestra. The festival will as usual include the "Mass in B Minor," six cantatas, and a group of famous chorals. The cantatas:

"The Heavens Declare the Glory of God"
"Blessed Jesus, Priceless Treasure!"
"Sleepers Wake!"
"God Is My King"
"Out of Darkness Call I Lord to Thee"
"Now Hath Salvation and Strength"
The Chorals:
"A Mighty Fortress is Our God"
"O Thou With Hate Surrounded"
"Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring"
"Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light"

A casual walk through the low-hanging, cool trees near the chapel, while the music is at its height, will assure the most cold-souled of the power of song—that Bach should be called "Meer" (ocean) not "Bach" (brook) and that the old Moravians were right in choosing for their home

"Not Jerusalem,
Rather Bethlehem—"

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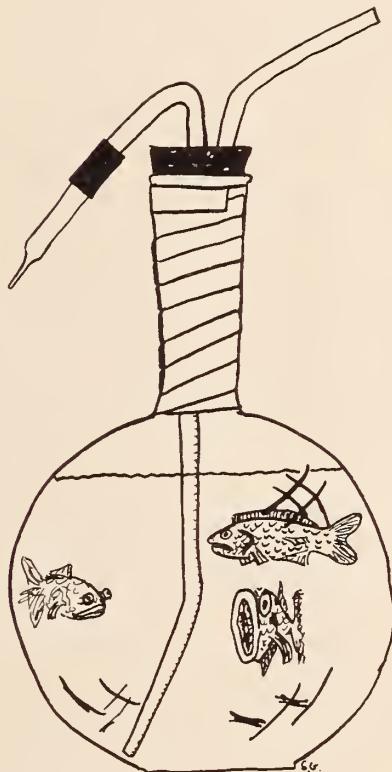
"Many a slip will fall in the night."
Well at least they don't call them
"petticoats" any more.

THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE BRIGADE!



Paradox

I can't understand it, Ma, if cars are dangerous when they go fast, why do you say I should keep out of them when they're parked?



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Ghosts I Have Met

continued from page 12

tion, we could hear the sound of many chattering voices—like the forest murmurs in Wagners *Siegfried*, or the jungle noises in Jack Benny's *Anthony Adverse*. Suddenly, an orchestra struck up *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover*. "Just listen!" said Herman proudly, "That's Gus the Ghost and his Seven Hot Wraiths. Hear them swing!"

A large nebulous ghost drifted out to meet us. "Who are your friends, Herman?" he inquired.

"Boys," said Herman, "meet The Bruiser, I'll introduce you to the guest of honor."

We pushed our way inside. I was struck by the fact that although the gas station must have been quite small, one got the effect of throngs of people moving about in a vast room.

The guest of honor, in evening dress, came over and shook hands with us; his hand-clasp reminded me of Zazu Pitts. The gas station was so cold that his hand felt like a whiff of slightly warmed air. "You Americans are a great race," he said, "We Danes are great too." He laughed heartily at his pun, and he continued to chuckle for several minutes, although every other face was more serious than ever.

"Have you visited any of our American movie palaces yet?" Zeke asked him.

"Yes," sighed The Ghost, "and they disturb me so! Today I visited one where the orchestra remained stationary and the audience went up and down."

"What else impresses you in America?" I inquired.

"The neon signs over funeral parlors," replied The Ghost. "In America, neon might be called *the gas eternal*."

"What do you think of American women ghosts?" asked Power House.

"I had hardly expected that question," smiled The Ghost, "but since you ask me, I reply that they are beautiful. In the old world, only Dracula's daughter can equal them, and even she lacks their vivacity."

"How is Dracula, by the way?" inquired The Bruiser.

"Oh, I do not know," was the answer. "He goes his way and I go mine. I seldom see him."

"He's a peculiar old duck," said The Bruiser, "I never could figure him out."

Gus the band leader came over just then and we all complimented him on the fine work his band had just done on *The House is Haunted*. "Yes," said Gus, "it was pretty good, considering

the difficulties we work under. The musicians are always floating out through their horns and barely getting back in time for their next notes."

"By the way," said Herman, "where's Charlie?"

"He had to work tonight," replied Gus. "It's too bad! He would have made the party more literary."

"Charlie," Herman explained to us, "is a ghost writer."

The Bruiser touched The Ghost's shoulder. "Time for your act," he said. The Ghost stepped to the center of the room and announced, "I shall now smoke a whole pack of cigarettes at once. Watch carefully while I put them into my mouth one by one." He put two into his mouth and lit them.

There was general subdued chuckling as a ghost hurried to the light switch. Suddenly the room was plunged into darkness, lighted only by the two glowing cigarettes. A bass voice boomed out *Two Cigarettes in the Dark*. The general subdued chuckling became a chorus of macabre laughing.

"I am insulted," The Ghost's voice screamed out in the dark, "I go! You American ghosts are pigs!"

"Aw, don't be a sissy, be a ghost!" yelled several.

"They're slightly neurotic," explained Herman, "if somebody plays a little trick on somebody, they'll giggle for hours."

"But what about The Ghost?" I asked.

"He'll be back," laughed The Bruiser. "He'll never return to Denmark! Do you know why he came to America in the first place? Because Hamlet got fed up and started haunting back."

"These foreign ghosts are peculiar anyway," piped up Herman. "Just look at that guy Willie we met in Scotland. All he could talk about was the good old days. When other ghosts were out having a good time, he used to mope around old castles and ruins."

Just then I noticed that Zeke, Power House, and Big Mono were yawning. "Bored?" I asked. They nodded.

"Well, Herman," I said, "I guess we'll have to be running along. Do you want us to take you back or will you come home on the bus later with your friends?"

"I'll wait for the bus," he said, shaking hands with us. "The boys are going to play murder and I'm to be the district attorney."

About half-way home, Big Mono said to Power House, "When we get back to the service station I'll take you and the butcher over in a game of three-handed Rummy."

Disc Data

continued from page 3

ton Club, BARNEY BIGARD (Variety) *Stompy Jones* and *Caravan*, Duke's orchestra under the name of his ace clarinetist (and with himself at the piano under the name of Edward Kennedy). *Caravan* has the same mysterious qualities of *Toodle-O* and is almost as good. Cootie Williams takes off on a delicately muted trumpet. REX STEWART (Variety) *Reverations* and *Lazy Man's Shuffle*. Another Ellington combination directed by one of his fine trumpeters, Rex Stewart.

BRIEFS

FATS WALLER (Victor) *Where Is The Sun?* and *Old Plantation; Boo-Hoo*



"Tommy Dorsey should never have gotten in the Bach Trombone Choir."

and *The Love Bug Will Bite You*; *Spring Cleaning* and *You've Been Reading My Mail*. Guess you know all about dear 'ole Fats by now. TEDDY WILSON (Brunswick) *I Must Have That Man!* and *Why Was I Born*; *Sentimental And Melancholy* and *The Mood That I'm In*; *Carelessly* and *Hoe Could You*. That other brilliant and prolific pianist vying for honors with his singer, Billie Holiday. Don't miss *Mood I'm In*.

BOB CROSBY (Decca) *Gin Mill Blues* and *If I Had You*; *The Old Spinning Wheel* and *Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea*. Number 1 champion of Dixieland style does his best in *Gin Mill Blues*. Perfect piano by Bob Zurke subbing for ailing Joe Sullivan who wrote the piece.

Ride

continued from page 6

to gain his bearings. They were at Thirteenth street and the light was red. The car stopped. Now, Joe thought, if I'm going to get away now's the time. If I jump up and get out the door quick enough I can make it.

"Sit back, pal." The tall guy twisted his gun so that it bored menacingly into Joe's side.

Then it was too late. The light had changed and the car moved ahead with the pack. Joe relaxed and slumped back into the seat. There would be another chance. They'd be doing some riding and something would come up. He started to look for the blue of a cop's uniform. He could smash out a window and shout. They wouldn't shoot him if there was a bull right outside.

He saw the cop over on the sidewalk as they passed Tammany Hall.

"Better not, buddy." Shorty saw the cop too. "Take it easy."

Take it easy. Take it easy. That was what Toots was always saying. Toots was a good kid. It was too bad she was mixed up in this, but you can't be choosey about your pals when you get in a racket like this. She had been one of the smart ones. She hadn't talked for that wise bird in the D. A.'s office.

Joe had.

He knew it was bad stuff to squawk but there was money in it and Center street knew some stuff that they could be nasty about. He had banked on more guys going up for a stretch than the net had caught. He just put his money on the wrong horse. Only suckers bet on honest horses.

He looked out again. They were on Manhattan Bridge and down below the wharves stretched out fingered rows into the current. Two white spots moved along as a tug fought the tide with its tow. Down river to the right the lights on Brooklyn Bridge made a white line hung in space over the black river.

Joe watched Shorty out of the corner of his eye. The man's face started to twitch and his nostril gave that peculiar lift and snuff that shows a dope addict. He's hopped up, Joe thought. The way he feels now he'd kill his grandmother for a peanut. He's apt to let me have it right now just for luck. He'll be the first one to shoot if I start anything.

The car was off the bridge and head-

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continued on next page

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ing out along Flatbush avenue. At the next light, Joe thought, I'll try it. I'll have to move fast. Swing around quick, grab one guy's gun and shoot it out. But the chances are pretty slim. Either one of these mugs will give it to me if I even breathe hard. Maybe I'd better try talking first.

"Listen, bud," he started, "you don't want to bump me. You guys are making a big mistake. I ain't done nothing."

The tall one swung his arm in that slow arc again, his fist hard. Joe's head snapped and his face started to bleed. Then he decided to take the chance. It was better to go out fighting than just to take it in the back.

He pulled his feet in under him, got his arms ready to swing for the gun, and gauged his distances. The light ahead went red and the driver leaned on the brake. Joe got into motion. He turned toward the tall fellow and reached between them for the gun. Shorty moved his arm up and down in a quick chop. The loaded blackjack slapped firmly against the skull and Joe went out cold.

"Shoulda done it the first time," Shorty growled as he pushed Joe off the seat and down to the floor.

* * *

Something was exploding in Joe's head and at the same time somebody was deliberately kicking him in the stomach. He twisted around to get away from that foot and he heard someone swearing at him.

"Get up!"

Joe got to his knees and as he did, somebody pushed him. He fell and rolled out of the car to the ground. He got to his feet and then he remembered.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he screamed and he started running away from the car. In two steps he was off the road and into ankle deep water. Marsh grass cut at his face.

The tall fellow emptied his automatic at him from the car. Joe crumpled down into the slime.

What was it the judge had said at the trial just before the first squealer took the stand? "I have too much confidence in the aroused vengeance of the people to believe that men convicted on truthful testimony would dare attempt reprisals in such a case as this."

The body lay heavily in the Barren Island mud.

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continued from page 7

the boxwood huckleberry grow. One is in Sussex county, New Jersey, and the other is in Perry county, Pennsylvania. On a hunting trip, a companion of Mr. Bigelow's, told him that he would send a dozen plants with which Clay could experiment. When Clay got the plants he had a pernicious desire to work on his own hook, but, as he tells it, "They saw me as I went to plant them, and they asked me what they were. I told them they were boxwood huckleberries, and that they grew in only two other places in the world. Naturally, they told me where to plant them and I did. Every last one of 'em died."

The next year his friend took him where they grew and he saw them grow "as thick as hair on a dog's back". He also noticed that they grew in thickly rooted soil. When the next batch came he again planted them where he was told but not all of them. The rest were planted under what he thought were the same conditions. This time he didn't stop to argue.

If you go up to the arboretum he'll show them to you. You'll see the shoots he planted, struggling little things about an inch or so high. They look well cared for in their tight bed of peat moss. You'll get quite a shock when he tells you that they were planted ten years ago.

Just ask Clay Bigelow and you'll see many an interesting tree up in the arboretum. There's the Chinese chestnut that refuses to be consumed by the chestnut blights; the charter oak, as wide as it is long; the beautiful Colorado blue spruce, trees presented by alumni. He knows them and their habits, their common names, Latin names, and pedigrees, and if you want to know what the Latin name means, he'll tell you that, too.

If you don't like trees, argue with him about the Supreme Court, but be careful; he knows the Constitution backwards and forewards. Or perhaps you're interested in poetry: then go on up and match verses with him, that is, if you memorize them as he does. He likes James Whitcomb Riley, Mark Twain, and Longfellow, but he doesn't care much for Edgar Allan Poe.

And now, after nineteen years of service, he looks at the well-grown young red oak that "was about as big as my wrist when I came," and he thinks about the time on Christmas Day in 1919 when he chopped and ranked a cord of chestnut from eleven o'clock until dinner.

Partners in Crime

continued from page 9

sion of Cynthias that was simply staggering. And every time there was a new Cynthia there were at least two different Homers. It was somewhat of a relief when Isabelle Matthews and Nelson Leonard were finally selected for the parts. Comparatively little trouble was encountered with Gerry Giering as Doris Doolittle, Ruth Pazzetti as Marjorie and Bill Casey as Pa Bortz. Victim of the Homer scramble was the part of J. Franklin. Frank Norton finally became the play's playboy after a breakup that involved most of the cast.

Compared to plot (there is one) difficulties, characterization was a simple task. Goings and comings involve the romantic problems of four persons, the laboratory experiments of professorial dignitaries and household problems of a home that attempts to embrace both science and sentiment. The action shifts spectacularly from home town to college town—from living room to ballroom to barroom. In between times there's a Pullman car, a laboratory, a kitchen and a street corner.

And the plot even deviates from the accepted formula. This NEW DRAMA (*Boy in Babeland*, all rights reserved) takes in the following stages: (a) Boy meets two girls; (b) One girl tries to get boy; (c) Boy tries to get other girl; (d) everybody is happy. The last stage is my sole concession to Hollywood. Girl meeting boy is Homer. Conquering girl is Doris. Conquered girl is Cynthia.

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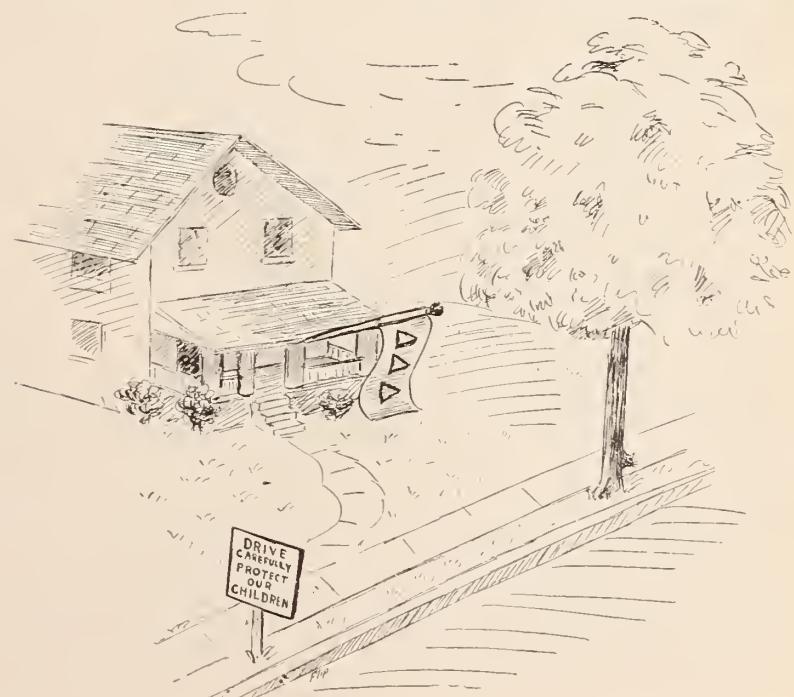
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As is the custom in musicals, everything has been stolen from somewhere else. Just for example, the Pullman scene comes direct from Minsky's. Where Minsky got it is somewhat of a question. The climatic scientific experiment in the twelfth scene was lifted (I hear) from a movie I haven't seen. Doolittle's conversation with his wife has been borrowed without permission from *Love Is News*. I even swiped a scene from *Jumbo*. Remember when Jimmy Durante was caught red-handed trying to steal the elephant? The same scene is in *Boy in Babeland*, except that we haven't got the elephant. I have also borrowed freely from *Boy Meets Girl*, *Three Men on a Horse*, Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio, Myrna Loy and Shirley Temple. I'm saving the Dionne Quintuplets for the out-of-town performances.

Even a simple thing like a title was a headache-producer for me. When Mustard and Cheese first considered a Lehigh-History-Satire it was called *Far Into The Night*. When the present musical was conceived that title was retained—temporarily—as a sort of handle. Scene after scene was written but there was still no brilliant inspiration for a label. Then, one pleasant evening (confidential) while discussing the weather with a casual acquaintance I thought of a possibility—*Babes in Boyland*. I was delighted with the effect of the thing and told Director Al Rights as much. He admitted that it might have been a possibility for *Prom Trotters*, but it just wasn't the situation of the present show. The first robin appeared on the campus and there was still no title. When the time came to print the tickets something just had to be done, so we went into a huddle about the thing.

"Why not use *Far Into The Night?*" opened A. A.

"No sales value. How about *Boy Meets Two Girls?*"

Thumbs were downed. A. A. suggested something about coming in the front door and I could easily see I was fighting a losing game.

"I still like *Babes in Boyland*," I pouted. "What if it isn't strictly accurate. It might sell tickets."

The situation was tense. The very air was electrified. (Credit, *True Story*) But then the bell rang for the eleven o'clock class and we compromised on *Boy in Babeland*.

Dutchy Has Ideas

continued from page 11

He knew the propensity of city chaps to go native. Joe's Place was the general hangout for summer boarders and Saucon's intelligentsia would naturally gravitate to this center of attraction. This emporium had good beer, a dance hall (dancing every Wednesday and Saturday night) and two rather comely daughters assisted behind the counter. A combined gas station and garage, two churches and the Viking Club (as robust as any old 6th century Viking) constituted the "center" of Mountainville.

Hotel Pleasant View had also been astir since day break. The proprietress, Julia Ann Brewster, a widow of a year or two was tall, stately, always exquisitely dressed but of a neurotic temperament. Every detail of the management came under her scrutinizing eye, including the arrangement of the garden. There was only one thing that Judy Ann, as she was called behind her back, could not control and that was babbling Cedar Creek which flowed merrily on its way close to the hotel.

Dutchy, who had been assigned the task of conducting the summer school, had arrived early the previous day, telling Judy Ann that he was anxious regarding the rooming arrangements for his "boys". The truth of it was he desired to renew his acquaintance with the cultured proprietress as soon as possible.

Just before noon, the village was startled by a rip roaring noise as if a dozen bandits and as many G-men were shooting it out. It was not G-men but S-men, for this was the advance guard of Saucon U. arriving on motor cycles. Shortly, others arrived in cars of early and recent vintages. Crack-shot Hooper, whose ambition had been to join the Ethiopia army, Mike Stanichiz, the varsity full back and Bob Wolcott, with a fluid vocabulary and an earned degree of P. B. S. (prize bull shooter) arrived in a 1922 Dole 8, (the last 50 miles had consumed 6 quarts of oil).

Promptly at 9:00 A. M. next morning Prof. Alonzo Schwartzie, Ph. D. (but still Dutchy to one and all) met his "boys" at morning assembly. Certain house rules and regulations must be explained and obeyed. Bathing in Birch Lake would be permitted but bathing suits must be worn and when so attired exit and entrance from the hotel must be by the rear fire escape. On the other hand, entrance at other

continued on page 26



When a Full House Beats Four of a Kind

Passing of the Half Moon

by J. Boyle

Oh! Snug retreat,
Oh! Comfort seat.
What is there now to say?

Oh! Rendezvous,
In moments blue;
You've past your useful day.

Oh! Aged convention,
To invention,
You must now make way.

Oh, Little shack,
That stood out back;
They've taken you away.



"Ya kin trim me beard when yur through with the
grasses, Maw."



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times must be by the front door and lobby and not by the fire escape. Some confusion of directions might occur but any infraction would be punishable. And so on for an hour until Dutchy had exhausted himself and then sent them to their classes.

Julia Ann Brewster told Dutchy that she thought the Saucon U. boys were a fine lot of gentlemen and she was sure that everything would be amiable with such an impressive group and especially since Professor Schwartzie was their leader and confidant. She hoped that he might have time to explain to her something of astronomy. She had been much interested in astrology but never had much time to give to it. However Madam Barefaes had informed her when she was just a child, that as she was born under the star Jupiter, she would marry twice. Was not that singular?

Everything seemed to be running smoothly and to the satisfaction of Judy Ann and especially so for Dutchy. His frequent observations on Polaris at its eastern elongation, which occurred considerably after midnight so intensified the curiosity of Judy Ann that she must just see for herself what

Polaris looked like through the telescope. Astronomer Dutchy had no objections, most certainly not.

Bob Wolcott annunciating, as usual, regarding Judy Ann's food admitted that it was good, but for husky Saucon's it lacked quantity. Hooper wanted to know what was to be done about it. Cooperative planning is admittedly efficient and that is what happened here. It had been noticed by Wolcott that Judy Ann often accompanied Dutchy on his midnight observations and it was but a seconds thought to plan a raid on the kitchen ice box at such an opportune time.

Exactly who did it probably never will be known, but when Judy Ann and Dutchy returned to the hotel about 1:00 A. M., there sitting on the post at the stairway leading up from the main hotel lobby was the carcass of a duck, picked as clean as a billiard ball, with a sign stating that this was J. P.'s Goo-Goo.

Dutchy was alarmed and felt sure that all his planning was for naught, for Judy Ann might invite them all to leave the hotel. There was no knowing, for Judy Ann was tempestuous. At least he was in disgrace. Was it possi-

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Last Month's Winner . . . Joe Boyle

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ble that Saucon U. boys would do a thing like that? Judy Ann with the greatest of dignity removed the carcass and in all her stateliness said, "Good night Professor Schwartzie, we will see about this matter in the morning". Poor Dutchy slept but little that night. He thought, "what would O. K. do if he heard of this?"

Next morning at assembly there were many glances exchanged. Dutchy was visibly nervous, especially when Judy Ann announced that she wished to address the group.

With flashing brown eyes, as only brown eyes can flash, Judy Ann began, "Students of Saucon University I call upon you to inform me who was responsible for placing that carcass in the main lobby last evening." At once a chorus answered, "Hooper did it". Now there had been before this event several minor infractions and each time it had been blamed on Hooper until "Hooper did it" had become a by-word. Hooper however was a real guy and both Judy Ann and Dutchy had found it impossible to do anything but like him, in fact the other fellows knew it. So what. "Would Mr. Hooper see Mrs. Brewster immediately after dinner?" And that was that. It ended right there. At dinner that night there was sufficient food to stuff an elephant.

The top floor of Pleasant View Hotel had been given over entirely as a dormitory to Saucon U. As the weeks went by the fellows became better acquainted and there was many a bed room wrestling bout, with a resultant busted bed or a severe dent in the plasterboard wall. Still, how can a couple of healthy guys keep from wrestling?

Two days before the end of the summer school Hooper and Stanchiz had barricaded their door against the entrance of Wolcott and his roommate. A mighty battle ensued and the door held only because Dutchy's well known step was detected approaching their floor. When he got up there he found four loving souls singing "Don't Give Up The Ship".

Dutchy, entirely oblivious to anything unusual remarked that he would like to have them inform the other members of the group that the final examination would begin promptly at 9:00 A. M. on Saturday. This battle and the narrow escape from Dutchy's wrath was something to tell. Wolcott that evening secured a picture post card and related the latest news of the

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battle to his sweetie, adding that the only damage done was a cracked panel in the door. That done Bob then mailed it in the hotel letter box and proceeded to the Viking Club, where Saucon U. summer school was having a final smoker. Dutchy had been invited to become one of the Vikings. What a party. What Vikings. By mid-night they were all regular sea-going pirates, they went to town, and how. Dutchy forgot that he was professor of mathematics and astronomy, so borrowed a saxophone and lead the Vikings in "The Music Goes Around and Around". It was a grand night for old Saucon U. and one to be remembered. And it was.

The next morning the rising sun smiled down on peaceful Mountainville, at least it was peaceful just then. The Viking Club and Pleasant View Hotel looked innocent in their stillness and with their garden boxes of Baby's Breath and Candytuft. Heaven knows there had not been enough gossip at any time to cause more than a ripple in this peaceful village. Guests came and guests went and nothing ever happened.

But what were the early rising inhabitants now excitedly discussing. One or two were pointing to a humble road sign which had been indicating the direction to Scranton for the last ten years but it was pointing now toward the Holland Tunnel. Another road sign usually pointing to the Bear Hill Inn was actually directing traffic to its rival, High Top Lodge. The rustic gilt sign normally informing one and all that this was Carl's Tea Room and Gift Shoppe was placed on Joe's emporium, where nothing as weak as tea was to be obtained. Still another road sign which had faithfully been directing back seat drivers horizontally to Points West now directed such ilk vertically downward. Well, the old town was not as peaceful as it had been, something had happened after all. With one accord the natives declared those Saucon U.'s were to blame. Some of the natives wanted to jail them, others wanted to corral them and chase them out of the county. Something must be done about it.

Up at Pleasant View Hotel all was not so well either. Mrs. Julie Ann Brewster, as usual, was the first to appear in the hotel lobby and the first thing she saw was what appeared to be a huge bundle on the floor, but could it be—surely it—yes, it was a human form wrapped up in a floor rug. Her blood pressure bounded and when she saw that it was none other than Dutchy there was a shriek that not only brought the sleeping form to his

feet but there came running into the lobby the hotel clerk, cook, waitresses and early rising guests.

Reaction followed quickly. Judy Ann recovered her composure and had taken the attitude of "the marines have landed and have the situation well in hand". What she said was sharp and to the point, "Professor Schwartzie this is most disgraceful, retire to your room immediately. I do not care to hear from you".

Now the hotel clerk was somewhat jealous of Dutchy because of his attention to Judy Ann. He felt that this was a good opportunity for him to tell her about a matter that she had missed, which would of course involve Dutchy still deeper.

It seems that it was the duty of the clerk to take the mail to the village post office, a glorious chance to obtain some fine gossip. Naturally he arranged time enough to read the mail, especially all post cards, and of course noting the names and addresses on the envelopes he shrewdly guessed at certain correspondence. In the course of events he read Bob Wolcott's post card to his sweetie and grasped at the information that a door had been cracked. So he now told Judy Ann that Dutchy's boys had cracked one of her doors. This on top of what had happened this morning sent them both hurriedly to the floor to examine doors. Sure enough room No. 42 had a cracked panel in the door.

When Bob Wolcott came for luncheon he was met by Judy Ann, who boldly accused him of ruining the door and said that he must pay for a new one. Now Bob's tongue was not tied by any means and he had a persuasive vocabulary of best Brooklyn English. But it was of no use, even "Hooper did it" was of no avail. So after blowing smoke rings all around Judy Ann, he

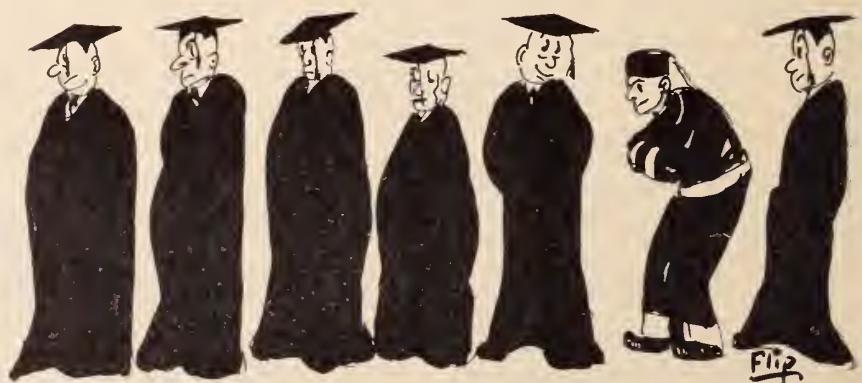
admitted he was to blame and would pay for a new door. But he still had a card up his sleeve for he asked Judy Ann if he could have the busted door. She was so surprised at this request that for the moment she was dumbfounded and all that she could think of was that Wolcott doubted whether she would ever replace the door. So not wishing to be under suspicion she agreed that Wolcott could have it.

Immediately after dinner there was a busy scene on the top floor of the Pleasant View Hotel. Wolcott began taking bets at 50c per that Mike Stanichiz, the Saucon full-back, could put his fist through the cracked panel with one blow. It was just a matter of collecting the half bucks. Every one wanted to see him do it anyway. Well there was a crashing of wood, a squeaking of things and it was all over. Wolcott split the bets with Mike and still had more than enough to pay for the new door. More crashing of wood could be heard as others took bets on the remaining panels of the door.

Thus came to a close Saucon U.'s summer school. Judy Ann had lost interest in astronomy and Dutchy had been somewhat of a disappointment. Still a professor in the hand was worth —— before any further meditation was permitted she heard

Rickety ooh, rickety ooh,
We're from Saucon U.
Judy Ann and Dutchy too
We give three nertz to you.

Then with a bang, bang the motorcycles got away amid the grinding of gears, sirens and horns of the sixes and eights. The class of '38 was bidding farewell to Mountainville. Judy Ann watched them until they disappeared around the last bend in the road. After all she had learned to like them, boys were boys anywhere, and she was sorry to see them go.



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